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## TRUSSES!



Something of  
Paramount Importance  
To People  
Who Wear Them.

A Light, Cool, Efficient Truss,  
One that would retain the hernia under all forms  
of exercise, and could be worn with com-  
fort has long been looked for.

Recommended and Endorsed by Highest Authorities.

MYERS BROS.,  
Druggists,  
St. Louis.

"The Silver Truss is light, clean and  
comfortable to wear, and can be easily  
put on or off; in fact, it is simplicity  
itself. Eminent physicians of the United  
States, Canada and Europe have  
recognized its great value, and the re-  
ports from dealers and patients are most  
favorable."

LANGET, London,  
Eng., 1891.

"The Silver Truss, from its adaptabil-  
ity, peculiarity of shape, and mode of  
application, adjusts itself to every pos-  
ture of the body without displacement,  
and is worn with comfort."—From Clin-  
ical Lecture by Richard Davy, F. R. S. E.,  
Surgeon to Westminster Hospital.

American Drug-  
gist and Phar-  
maceutical  
Record,  
New York.

"The rapid introduction of the Amer-  
ican Silver Truss, and subsequent sale  
of them with gratifying success by the  
druggists, have demonstrated the fulfill-  
ment of all claims made for them by the  
company. They are, unquestionably,  
the neatest, lightest, cleanest and most  
easily adjusted truss of any on the mar-  
ket, and almost every druggist who has  
stocked this truss pronounces it to be  
the truss of the future."

The Pharmaceuti-  
cal Era,  
New York.

"The wearer of a truss is always looking for some-  
thing better, and it is, therefore, an easy matter to  
command attention when the American Silver Truss is  
brought to the notice of a prospective buyer. It is  
light and simple, made of one continuous piece of  
metal, without nuts, screws or rivets, and can be  
formed by the hand to the exact shape of the body,  
and when placed in position does not move."

The Medical Epit-  
omist,  
Indianapolis.

"Dr. J. A. Cominger, Indianapolis, Ind., formerly  
Dean of the Medical College of Indiana, and Surgeon-  
General of the State of Indiana, who has used this  
truss for two years in fully ninety per cent. of his cases,  
recommends and endorses it as entirely satisfactory in  
more cases than any other appliance he has ever  
tested."

Perfect Adjustment and Satisfaction Guaranteed by

H. Alex. Stoke.

### REDHOT HAYMAKING.

One Amateur's Experience Was Complete  
and Satisfactory In One Day.

The hottest experience I ever met  
with in the country was the day I helped  
to make hay. The farmer began to  
call us shortly after midnight, and after  
a long sleep of intermittent yapping he  
succeeded in his design of getting a  
load of hay several hours before it was nec-  
essary. It was then 3 a. m. About 10  
hours later we had had our breakfast  
and were entering the hayfield.

When one gets into trouble, the op-  
erating scenes are always alluring. A gen-  
eral sunrise was in full swing in the  
east. The dew lay on the grass, and the  
air was cool and invigorating. I could  
not but agree with the poets that the  
scent of the new mown hay was very  
inspiring. I felt like a colt and was keen  
to jump into the sport.

The first heat consisted in bunching  
the hay after the rake, which the farmer  
himself drove about the field with many  
loud "gees" and "haws," but for  
"whens." The old rascal took a fend-  
ish delight in crowding us. It began to  
look a little like work.

When the hay was all bunched, the  
high ladder wagons were driven into the  
field. Being a novice, I was assigned the  
duty of leading. I stood upon the wagon  
and built the load as the hay was pitched  
to me theoretically, but on me actual-  
ly. The first dose knocked all the poetry  
out of me.

The blazing sun had sucked up all the  
dewdrops and was now high in the  
east. He seemed to focus his scorching  
rays on the wagons, and the hay crackled  
and sizzled about me like frying fat. It  
was now 20 times all at once. I thought  
I was becoming liquefied. I sank to my  
neck in the hay and roasted in a con-  
centrated oven of absorbed solar heat.  
Not a breeze stirred. No friendly cloud  
hovered near to screen the orb of fire. I  
vainly tried to fancy I was in the Arctic  
ocean and the wagon was a floating ice-  
berg. The old pitcher, inured to the heat  
and the avocation, still fed on the hay.

We were jerked into the barn—from  
the frying pan into the fire—and I was  
there barbecued for half an hour in the  
hot beds of the mow.

Out we shot again into the broiling  
field. All day long this process of slow  
torture continued. It was a little drama  
from the snowless land inserted into  
real life, the farmer impersonating sat-  
an, the pitchers his archangels and my-  
self Charon's lost passenger.

But, thank heaven, the farmer was  
no Joshua, and the sun at last complet-  
ed his trip across the skies and disap-  
peared beneath the mountain. The next  
day my place on the wagon was occup-  
ied by some other fool.—Philadelphia  
Press.

### The Bank of Scotland.

The Bank of Scotland, now 200 years  
old, naturally sought to encourage Scot-  
tish industries, and this is shown in the  
manufacture of its paper for notes. The  
first large notes were made in 1696, 20  
shilling notes, as they were termed, be-  
ing only issued on April 7, 1704. In  
1739 the bank's paper was manufac-  
tured at Giffordhall, near Haddington.

Attendants had to be present in the  
bank's interest, and their account was  
paid by the bank. One item was "ale  
and bread furnished to the workmen,  
10s.," and another for "drink money to  
servants, £4 17s. 6d." The items are  
suggestive, although it is possible they  
only represented drink money in name.

In 1735 the bank got its 20 shilling  
banknotes made at Collington Mill  
(Collinton mill), and there is an "ac-  
count for drink money" in connection  
with it. A barber came twice from  
Edinburgh to shave the officials and re-  
ceived 3s. for his professional attend-  
ance. Green tea must have cost at  
this time 24s. per pound, for in the bill  
a quarter pound sells for 6s. At this  
Collinton mill the bank appears to have  
kept all the employees in food during  
the time the paper was being manufac-  
tured. A man was engaged 12 days at  
the paper mill in dressing meat, and he  
cut up in that time 200 pounds of it.  
Meat and mutton cost only 2½d. per  
pound in those good old days. A hen is  
charged at 8d., a duck at 9d., one "sol-  
lan goose," 1s. 8d.; a dozen eggs, 3d.;  
six chickens, only 1s. 4d., and a wild  
fowl, 10d.; cheese cost 4d. per pound  
and bacon 8d. per pound. In 1769 the  
bank's note paper was made at Red-  
haugh Mill (Redhall mill).—Chambers'  
Journal.

### Porter or Portage.

An officer being moved from one sta-  
tion to another sent in a bill, in which  
was an item for "porter." The item,  
after having exercised the intellects and  
received the indorsements of five suc-  
cessive officials at the war office, was dis-  
allowed on the ground that "porter"  
could only be allowed if taken under  
medical advice. The officer respectfully  
informed his superiors that the "porter"  
charged for had not drunk, but the in-  
dividual who had carried his baggage.  
The reply was that this should have  
been entered as "portage," whereupon  
the officer ventured to inquire whether  
if he took a cab this should be put down  
as "cabbage."—Truth.

Ellin Burritt, "the learned black-  
smith," knew 18 languages. He was  
self taught, generally needing only a  
dictionary and a grammar to master  
any language he chose to learn.

In 450 there were a drought and fam-  
ine all over south Europe. In Italy par-  
ents ate their children. It was computed  
that 600,000 people perished.

### WHITTIER'S FIRST POETRY.

One Boyish Poem Gained Him William  
Lloyd Garrison's Friendship.

After he had made the acquaintance  
of Burns' poems, Whittier began to  
scribble rhymes of his own on his slate  
at school and in the evening about the  
family hearth. One of his boyish stanzas  
lingered in the memory of an elder  
sister:

And must I always swing the flail  
And help to fill the milking pail?  
I wish to go away to school,  
I do not wish to be a fool.

With practice he began to be bolder,  
and he wrote copies of verses on every-  
day events, and also little ballads. One  
of these, written when he was 17, his  
eldest sister liked so well that she sent  
it to the weekly paper of Newburyport,  
The Free Press, then recently started by  
William Lloyd Garrison. She did this  
without telling her brother, and no one  
was more surprised than he when he  
opened the paper and found his own  
verses in "The Poets' Corner." He was  
aiding his father to mend a stone wall  
by the roadside as the postman passed  
on horseback and tossed the paper to  
the young man. "His heart stood still a  
moment when he saw his own verses,"  
says a biographer. "Such delight as his  
comes only once in the lifetime of any  
aspirant to literary fame. His father at  
last called to him to put up the paper  
and keep it work."

The editor of The Free Press was only  
three years older than the poet, although  
far more mature. He did more for the  
young man than merely print these boy-  
ish verses, for he went to Whittier's  
father and urged the need of giving the  
youth a little better education. To do  
this was not possible then, but two  
years later, when Whittier was 19, an  
academy started at Haverhill, and here  
he attended, even writing a few stanzas  
to be sung at the opening exercises. He  
studied at Haverhill for two terms, and  
by making slippers, by keeping books  
and by teaching school he earned the  
little money needed to pay his way. At  
Haverhill he was able to read the works  
of many authors hitherto unknown to  
him, and he also wrote for the local pa-  
per much prose and verse.—Professor  
Brander Matthews in St. Nicholas.

### FURNISH NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS.

The Business Has Grown to Great Proportions  
in New York.

There is a peculiar industry in Goth-  
am which has grown to astonishing pro-  
portions. This is the business of furnish-  
ing newspaper clippings to individuals,  
firms and corporations. There are half a  
dozen of these concerns in New York,  
which supply customers not only in the  
United States, but in all parts of the  
world. One of these newspaper clipping  
bureaus received an order from the Ha-  
waiian government to send President  
Dole all the notices, editorials, cartoons  
and other published matter regarding  
Hawaii, its government and its affairs.

Every prominent author, actor, politi-  
cian and professional man is now a  
subscriber to one or more of the clip-  
ping bureaus, and a busy man finds the  
system very convenient, for he is en-  
abled, as it were, to read his newspapers  
by proxy.

The manager of a New York clipping  
bureau in speaking of the peculiarities  
of his business said yesterday: "Many  
of our customers are folks with fads  
and hobbies. A man sent us an order  
recently for all items about two headed  
calves, three legged chickens and other  
monstrosities. A leading politician or-  
dered 100 Memorial day addresses, from  
which he could compile a Fourth of Ju-  
ly oration which he had engaged to del-  
iver. Society belles are beginning to  
make scrapbooks of their newspaper  
notices, and the custom will doubtless  
become a regular social fad in time.  
The wives of public men are among the  
best patrons of the clipping bureaus.  
About the strangest order we have is  
that of a dealer in tombstones and mon-  
uments. He takes all the death notices."  
—New York Commercial Advertiser.

### Martyrs in Theater Boxes.

Speaking of theater boxes and people  
in them, there's not a sight in all the  
capital that I admire more than the  
heroism of the society young man in a  
box party. Now a box in a Washington  
theater will hold four persons comfort-  
ably, and of these four only two can see  
what's going on on the stage well.

So far as seeing the play goes, a box  
seat is the worst in the house. Then the  
average box party is made up of six or  
eight full grown men and women, and  
the women get the front seats, of course,  
and the men—well, the men take the  
background and catch rare glimpses  
of the leading lady's shoulder, and  
when the chaperon says, "Oh, Mr.  
Brown, I'm so afraid you're not see-  
ing," they smile and say: "Oh, yes, I  
am. I can see perfectly."

It's sublime, I say; it's awe inspir-  
ing. They actually manage to look as if  
they were enjoying themselves. It's  
wonderful what an amount of broken  
heart and suppressed profanity a starched  
shirt front can cover anyway.—Wash-  
ington Post.

### Easily Arranged.

"I'd like to go to the races," said  
Willie Washington, "but I don't know  
anything about them. I'm afraid I'd  
soon be unspohiticated."

"That needn't bother you."

"Is there any particular style of cus-  
tume that's appropriate?"

"Yes; you just wear a worried look  
and trousers that have fringe at the bot-  
tom, and everybody will think that you  
are an old frequenter of the place."

### PRINTING BY TELEGRAPH.

An Electrical Typewriter That Transmits  
Printed Characters.

The printing telegraph, though a de-  
vice of comparatively recent develop-  
ment, has been the subject of ceaseless  
investigation, and practical workers in  
electricity have directed their whole at-  
tention in some instances to the trans-  
mission of messages and the recording  
of them in plain Roman characters.  
Its advantages are simply those of an  
electrical typewriter, by means of which  
the message is printed in the presence  
of the transmitting operator in page  
form, and a duplicate of the same print-  
ed at all the receiving stations on the  
line, whether it be a long or short cir-  
cuit. A single transmission prints it  
simultaneously in page form ready for  
the compositor's case in all the news-  
paper offices of many cities.

It is said to differ materially from all  
other known means of telegraphy in one  
essential particular. In it the impulses  
move the instruments, whereas in other  
systems the instruments move the im-  
pulses—that is to say, the transmitter of  
the message is caused to run by a sepa-  
rate power. No combination of electri-  
cal impulse or currents is employed.  
An even succession of dots or impulses,  
which operate the polarized relay arma-  
ture at the receiving station, places the  
revolving type wheel in the required  
position, when the local mechanism  
causes the letter to be printed.

The apparent impossibility of trans-  
mitting printed characters 500 or 1,000  
miles over a single wire at once presents  
itself to the mind, and it is overcome in  
this system, it is asserted, in a very  
simple way. Each letter of the alphabet  
is represented by a certain number of  
impulses, which revolve the type wheel  
to the required position, when the letters  
are struck by the local mallet.

Fourteen impulses represent the en-  
tire alphabet, making a complete revolu-  
tion of the type wheel, which may be  
turned 200 revolutions per minute, thus  
securing very rapid printing. Its advan-  
tage also is that of absolute secrecy as a  
means of communication. The advan-  
tage of the printing telegraph for the  
transmission of news to the newspaper  
offices is unquestionably a subject com-  
manding attention on the part of pro-  
gressive proprietors.—Paper and Press.

### Too Much Machinery.

"Do you know the curse of modern  
journalism?" asked an old journalist  
the other day.

"It's the typewriter. It destroys origi-  
nality. It gives to everything that is  
written a mechanical touch. There's  
no style or individuality about anything  
composed on a typewriter."

"You will find that the newspaper  
writers in all the larger offices use type-  
writers. The use of them has extended  
in many other directions. Mgr. Satolli  
has one. But wherever you find a man  
writing on one and composing as he  
writes you will find that his work is  
cramped, mechanical, unimaginative,  
without the slightest touch of fancy or  
vitality."

"Go into the offices of the big dailies  
and you will find the young men who  
make the papers seated at a typewriter,  
grinding out columns of colorless, un-  
readable stuff for the paper. You can't  
turn out thought by machinery, and the  
young men who write their matter for  
the press on typewriters never rise above  
the level of mediocrity. Go into the  
composing rooms of the big dailies, too,  
and you will find the printers setting  
type by machinery. No style about that.  
It's straight, stiff, formal, unattractive,  
without any individuality. It takes the  
human touch to give the proper life and  
color to anything. There's too much  
machinery."—Atlanta Constitution.

### Geodes.

Did you ever see a geode, the ugly,  
creamy, yellow, rounded rock, which,  
upon being broken open, presents a per-  
fect wilderness of diamondlike crystals?  
They are oddities of the oddest kind,  
and are not too plentiful anywhere. The  
word "geode" means "earthform" and  
is applied to all hollow stones which  
are filled with crystallized matter.

When broken open, some are found to  
be full of pure looking, clear water. Others  
appear to be full of yellow or brown  
paint, while a third class are filled with  
what appears to be a very fair quality  
of tar. No odds what the filling of the  
cavity may be composed of, the sides are  
always studded with crystals. Should  
the filling be yellow the crystals are  
likely to be of the same color, but by far  
the greater portion of them are as clear  
as ice or diamonds.—St. Louis Republic.

The New York town of Belvoir has  
streets lighted free of expense by a com-  
pany which furnishes the illuminant as  
a payment for the privilege of doing  
business in the corporation.

A lie is often told without saying a  
word, by patting the rotten apples in the  
bottom of the basket.—Ram's Horn.

Some men do as much begrudge others  
a good name as they want one them-  
selves, and perhaps that is the reason of  
it.—Penn.

The Chenango river, in New York, is  
named from an Indian word meaning  
"bull thistles."

The Connecticut river took its name  
from an Indian word, Quonaugtoot,  
meaning "river of trees."

Italy was so called from the name of  
Italus, an early king who governed most  
of the peninsula.

### A DREAM.

Oh, it was but a dream I had  
While the musician played—  
And here the sky and here the glad  
Old ocean kissed the glade.  
And here the laughing ripples ran,  
And here the roses grew  
That threw a kiss to every man  
That voyaged with the crew.

Our silken sails in lily folds  
Drooped in the breathless breeze,  
As o'er a field of marigolds  
Our eyes swam o'er the seas,  
While here the eddies leaped and parted  
Around the island's rim,  
And up from out the underworld  
We saw the merman swim.

And it was dawn and midday lay  
And midnight—for the moon  
On silver rounds across the bay  
Had climbed the skies of June,  
And here the glowing, glorious king  
Of day ruled o'er the realm,  
With stars of midnight glittering  
About his diadem.

The seagull reeled on languid wing  
In circles round the mast;  
We heard the songs the sirens sing  
As we went sailing past,  
And up and down the golden sands  
A thousand fairy throngs  
Flung at us from their flashing hands  
The echoes of their songs.  
—James Whitcomb Riley.

### Burness Girls.

In every household the daughter has  
her appointed work. In all but the rich-  
er merchants' houses the daughter's  
duty is to bring the water from the well  
evening and morning. It is the gossip-  
ing place of the village, this well, and  
as the sun sets there come running down  
all the girls of the village. As they fill  
their jars they lean over the curb and  
talk, and it is here that are told the latest  
news, the latest flirtation, the latest  
marriage, the little scandal of the place.  
Very few men come. Water carrying is  
not their duty, and there is a proper time  
and place for flirtation. So the girls  
have the well almost to themselves.

Almost every girl will weave. In ev-  
ery house there will be a loom, when  
the girls weave their dresses and those  
of their parents. And very many girls  
will have stalls in the bazaar; but of  
this I will speak later. Other duties  
are the husking of the rice and the mak-  
ing of eberoots. Of course in the richer  
households there will be servants to do  
all this, but even in them the daughter  
will frequently weave, either for her-  
self or for her parents. Almost every  
girl will do something, if it be only to  
pass the time.—Blackwood's Magazine.

### What She Saw.

Mme. De Cornuel went to Versailles  
to see the French court, when M. De  
Tory and M. De Seignelay, both very  
young, had just been appointed minis-  
ters. She saw them as well as Mme. De  
Maintenon, who had then grown old.  
When she returned to Paris, some one  
asked her what remarkable things she  
had seen. "I have seen," she said,  
"what I never expected to see there. I  
have seen love in its tomb and the min-  
istry in its cradle."

### In the Right Place.

Rubberneck Bill stood looking down  
at the inanimate form of his thirty-sev-  
enth.

"For a groaner," said Bill, "he put  
up a party game fight."

"That's what," assented Sceptic  
Jones. "Pity he had to go. For, if he  
was a groaner, his heart came mighty  
near being in the right place."

"It is lucky for me that it was.  
S'posen when I plugged him that it had  
been on the other side."—Cincinnati  
Tribune.

### A Broad Hint.

They were seated in the parlor con-  
versing on the uncertainty of life.

She—The future is a vast, unfathom-  
able mystery to us, isn't it?

He—Yes; all we know is that we  
have to go some time.

Voice From the Library—It would  
suit the convenience of this household  
if you'd make it a little sooner than  
that.—Richmond Dispatch.

### Send Your Letter Again.

Never mail a letter written at night  
until it has been reread in the morning.  
You may materially reduce the number  
of your correspondents by persisting in  
this course, but you will gain in reputa-  
tion for prudence and common sense.  
What seems philosophy by candlelight  
is but folly by day, and the brilliancy of  
night lacks sparkle in the morning—  
Exchange.

### Hadn't Thought of That.

Several nights ago a well known phy-  
sician bought a package of peanuts from  
a Main street peddler, and while the  
man was measuring out his purchase  
the doctor drew a cigar from his pocket  
and proceeded to light it.

The peddler looked at him with a sor-  
rowful expression on his face. "They  
don't smoke in heaven," he said.

"No," answered the doctor, "neither  
do they sell peanuts."—Buffalo Con-  
rier.

### A Correction.

Mistress—If I catch the coachman  
kissing you again, you will lose your  
place.

Maid—He wasn't kissing me again,  
mum. It was the first time when you  
saw him.—Detroit Free Press.

The "Celestial Empire," referring to  
the domain of China, has a significance  
in the Chinese legend that the early  
rulers of that country were all deities.

Shiloh's Cure is sold on a guarantee.  
It cures incipient consumption. It is the  
best cough cure. Only one cent a dose,  
25cets., 50cets. and \$1.00. Sold by J. C.  
King & Co.